

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

OLD SERIES VOL. XXXII.

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NEW SERIES VOL. X. NO. 44.

Tennessee Baptist Convention.

Martin Ball.

It was my happy privilege to attend the meeting of this splendid body of Baptists last week. The meetings were held in the elegant First Church building, Dr. A. U. Boone, pastor.

Thursday was given to the Pastors' Conference, which was the best meeting of the kind it was ever my privilege to attend. The life of the Master was discussed by eight speakers, commencing with His birth and running through to His resurrection. The spiritual power reached the mountain top height when the last week in His wonderful life was being discussed. It was a glorious preparation for the great convention that followed.

The convention proper was called to order at 10 o'clock Friday morning by President Boone.

The former officers were unanimously elected—A. U. Boone President.

W. J. Stewart, of Nashville, Recording Secretary; Fleetwood Ball, of Lexington, Statistical Secretary, and W. M. Woodcock Treasurer. Dr. E. E. Folk of Nashville, Editor of the Baptist and Reflector, was made Vice-President. This was done as a mark of appreciation for the bold and fearless stand he has taken in the great fight against whisky. He knows what ought to be done and is not afraid to do the right thing.

The attendance was not as large as on many other occasions. This came from the fact that the Convention was held in the Southwest corner of the State.

Dr. W. C. Golden, the State Secretary, rendered a splendid report of the work done during the year. \$61,000 having been given to State, Home and Foreign Missions. The State Board reported a small debt—but a good increase in gifts to other objects.

Drs. Willingham, Gray, Frost and Mullins were present, and each represented his work in an effective manner. Dr. T. J. Henderson made a splendid talk on Sunday afternoon in the interest of the Laymen's Movement.

Dr. G. A. Lofton, a former pastor of the old First Church, preached for that congregation Sunday morning, and Dr. Willingham, who was called from that pastorate to his present position, preached at night.

The business of the Convention was practically rushed through in two days. The members saw that this was wrong and decided to meet next year on Wednesday so that good time could be given to the consideration of the great questions. The next meeting will be held in Nashville.

The hospitality of Memphis was unlimited. A lunch was served at the noon hour in the basement of the church which saved much time for the work at hand. It was charming to mingle again with brethren whose fellowship was enjoyed for 12 happy years. It furnished inspiration for the hard work of the coming winter.

It is suggested that we have a Pastors' Conference on Tuesday before the next meeting of the Mississippi Convention.

The convention sermon was preached on Friday night by Dr. J. J. Taylor, of the First Church, Knoxville. It was full of earnest thought—beautiful in diction and gloriously eloquent. He is regarded as one of the best preachers in the South. The sermon was greatly enjoyed by the large audience.

One of the most interesting reports was made by the Committee on Temperance. Dr. J. H. Anderson, Chairman—Dr. E. E. Folk read the report and made a thrilling speech in its support. He is president of the Anti-Saloon League of Tennessee. Dr. G. W. Perryman of Knoxville—a great temperance leader—moved the hearts of the people with a strong appeal for state-wide prohibition.

Resolutions were offered heartily endorsing the movement to establish the Tri-State Sanitarium at Memphis, and pledging \$50,000 for this purpose. Rev. L. L. Lawless has been appointed agent to secure this amount.

A committee appointed by the General Association of Kentucky, presented a request that the Tennessee Convention co-operate with them in building a home for the aged ministers and their families, and that a like committee from this Convention be appointed to consider the matter. A committee of five was appointed, and, after consultation, reported favorably. Location and plans for completing the work will be considered at once.

Lagging and Leading.

At this date last year, Mississippi was leading in Home Missions, and kept the lead all the way through, winning the proud distinction of having made the highest ratio of increase reached by any of her sisters to the great cause of Home Missions. But this year we are lagging as far behind, as we were leading last year—it's a fact. From the headquarters in Atlanta comes this sad statement: "Up to Oct. 10th since May 1st Mississippi had contributed only \$707.35." We would have been "ruined" had other States balked like Mississippi has done. How these words burn. Brethren those of you who take your collections in the fall of the year, where are you? We still have time to come from the rear to the front of the whole column—and let's do it by the 10th of November, the day the monthly statements are made up for publication in "Our Home Field."

If we can get a good lead by the middle of November, it will be easy for us to keep the pace set last year. This is the natural harvest time. The weather is ideal; every lock of cotton will be picked this year; every potato will be dug; every pea picked; every ear of corn housed; every blade of grass turned into hay; every hog into lard and meat; and the great bulk of Mississippi Baptists will have more money than they have ever had, making it easy for us to fill the Lord's treasury, also.

Will we do it? I believe we will—I know we will, if we begin to bring in the first fruits now.

Brother pastor, God waits to hear from you and yours. If you sound a retreat, your people will be sure to follow you; if you order an advance, quick and fast, they will go with you to a grand and glorious victory again this year. Victory lies in the advance of us; defeat in the rear. Let's make victory our goal—\$25,000 our aim; and let's start now, for the coronation day the first day of next May. We can—we will.

W. P. Price,
Vice-President.

Dear Brother Editor:

Will you kindly allow us to emphasize, in your splendid paper, the call which has been issued to the Baptists of Coniah Association to raise \$1,000 in one dollar subscriptions, for the Seminary endowment?

This movement was started at the recent session of our Association, with the understanding that the name of each subscriber would be published in the Church Messenger. It was fully agreed that this small contribution should in no way interfere with, nor take the place of, larger gifts from the churches and individuals of the Association. Already several of our churches have arranged for visits from representatives of the Seminary to take special collections for the endowment which shall be in addition to this \$1,000. But this \$1,000 club must be gotten; and it is time we were giving the matter our earnest attention. The Charter List of one hundred is, at this writing, about full. Send your name and dollar to Brother T. J. Kent, who is treasurer of this fund, at once and let's have a ready response to this worthy cause.

Mrs. B. L. Bunyard of Gallman, Miss., is the treasurer of the Women's Societies of the Association, and it looks like the women are going to have a large part in this noble work.

Brethren Dickens Bunyard, Gile, Farrar, Hughes myself and the other pastors are ready to visit any church in the county and present the matter.

Coniah had the honor of furnishing to the Seminary its very distinguished president, and every Coniah Baptist should appreciate the opportunity of responding to his call for help at this time of great and urgent need.

Send your dollar at once to Brother T. J. Kent, Hazlehurst, Miss.

Yours sincerely,

Robert H. Tandy.

Hazlehurst, Miss.

Avoid the break in friendship for when it comes it cannot really be mended. The far will mar the harmony in the grandest symphony. It is not alone a question of forgiveness; that may be full and complete. It is the hurt in the heart that will not readily heal and the confidence that will not fully come back.

Fenteny Logging Camp.

No. 2. By Elder Odd.

Edward longed to do something for the religious welfare of these people. His first idea was to start a Sunday School. He heard of Winnie, and hoped she was a Christian and would help. So he went to see her about it. But when he talked with her he saw at once that she was ignorant of religion as her pupils had been of books. So that plan had to be abandoned. Then he inquired if there was any preacher anywhere in the country. At last some one told him they had learned that there was an old preacher lived about five miles from the camp in a northwest direction, but none of them had ever been to his house, or seen him. Then he asked all of them if they would go to hear a preacher if one was to come to preach to them. Such a thing was an entire novelty to them. A few had been to preaching when they were children, but they had forgotten all about it, only that they want. Yes, they would go and learn what it was like, any how.

Edward, the next Sunday, started out to find the old preacher, knowing nothing, only that he lived in a northwest direction. After going about four miles he met a man and inquired for the preacher. The man told him that old Brother Moon lived about a mile further on, and that he would probably find him at home, as he was old and did not supply churches now. This encouraged him and he pushed on. When he arrived at the gate the old preacher was sitting in the shade of a tree reading his Bible. He hailed and the old man came to the gate. "Come in," said he. "Thank you, I will, as I reckon my business is with you. Are you a preacher?" "People call me so. The preacher's wife brought out two chairs saying, 'it is more comfortable out here, this is a hot day.'" "I came on business, and I will waste no time. I came to see if you can go to Fenteny Camp next Sunday and preach to those people. They need it."

"Yes, God willing, I will go. I have been thinking of those people a good deal lately, and especially this morning, and wishing there was some way to reach them. I believe the Lord's hand is in it, and I dare not refuse. I want to know some things. First, are you a Christian?" "I hope and believe I am." "What is your name?" "Edward Johnston." "Is there any chance for singing?" "Well, I can't promise much. There is a young woman there who is teaching a free school at her own expense, who sings very well, and has taught her pupils to sing some, and I think we can depend on her, and I will do the best I can." "Well, I reckon we will make out pretty well."

The men at the camp rolled a lot of logs under the shade of some large oaks and hickories by moonshine, and when the next Sunday came they had a place ready for use that was satisfactory to rough logging men.

When Edward returned from Elder Moon's he went immediately to Felter's to see Winnie about the singing. He found the family at home.

"Well, Mr. Felter, I found a preacher and he will come next Sunday at 10 o'clock and we will want some singing; so I came to see if Winnie can't help us in that way. She sings well, and has gotten the children so they can sing pretty well. Can't you come, Miss Winnie, and get the children to come and sing for us?"

"Yes, Winnie, it's all right, get them all," said Felter.

"I am willing to do what I can, but I don't know what to sing, and I am afraid I will make a mess of it. You must tell me, Mr. Johnston."

"I am not afraid of that. But such songs as Come Holy Spirit and Come Thou Fount, are always suitable for just before preaching, and I will help you the best I can."

Meeting of Convention Board.

The annual meeting of Convention Board for laying out the work for the year 1909 and making appropriations will occur at Jackson in the rooms of the First Baptist Church, Nov. 10, at 3 p. m.

All churches committees of associations and others who may have business with the Board will please write to the Corresponding secretary, at Winona, Miss., making full statement of matters that they may be put on file and put in proper shape to be presented at that time.

H. F. Sproles, President.

A. V. Rowe, Corresponding Secretary.

Sequences.

Already the alien baptism ordination episode in which the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary was so recently and needlessly complicated is bearing unmistakable fruit. It is just about what we had a right to expect and indeed what we more than hinted at in our article on A POINT OF ORDER in a recent Baptist Record. It is the more ominous because it has the leadership of the editor of The Baptist World, a newspaper which has ever been understood as being the apologist of the schismatic side of the Baptist Faith. To say that that paper is a new Richmond come upon the field is only to repeat the folly of the fable of the lion's skin and the ass. None so idiotic as not know that the whole thing is the dried up and hashed over old Air goose, with a spread-eagle name and a sunflower face.

It may be astounding and humiliating to some of our soothing syrup brethren that it has developed so early, but to some of the other sort it is as expected, that is, it is the legitimate fruit of that alien ordination blossom. Here is the milk in the cocoanut from a perfectly reliable source. "At the Boons Creek Association in Kentucky, Dr. Prestridge stated that alien immersion was only sixty years old, and that Dr. J. R. Graves was the first Baptist that ever opposed it and wanted to make it a test of fellowship among Baptists. He also said that an association that declared non-fellowship with the practice of alien immersion cut itself loose from the fellowship of the Southern Baptist Convention."

Well, to the utter undoing of the World editor, it has been clearly and solidly shown that the old Philadelphia Association declared non-fellowship for alien immersion long before Dr. J. R. Graves was born. We call attention to these things now in order to justify our recent allusion to the alien baptism ordination fiasco, and to give further notice that God's watchmen are not all asleep.

As ever in love, your brother.

J. A. H.

"Our great denomination, like the good apostle, must have its thorn in the flesh. Our thorns are our doughty doctrinaires, who are set more for the defense of the Gospel than for its dissemination. It has always been easier to stand to one side and give

orders, and keep others in line than to enter into the fight as a genuine combatant, bent on spreading the victories of the truth."—Dr. C. C. Brown, in Baptist World.

Imagine an army without officers to keep it in line, how soon it would be stampeded and put to flight. The great apostle who had a thorn in the flesh, spent much time and labor engaged in keeping the churches in line, and contending for the faith once delivered to the saints.

J. R. Sample.

Summit, Miss.

Some Meetings.

Dear Record:

Permit me to say, through your columns, a few words with reference to the brethren with whom I labored this past summer. My first meeting was at Pontotoc, with Rev. R. A. Cooper, whom to know is to love. I want to say two things about Brother Cooper:

1. He seems to know and love the Lord.
2. He is a close student of God's Word. He loves the Bible for the sake of its author, and for the sake of the message which it brings to this old sin-cursed world. He is willing to let God say what He wants to say and mean what He wants to mean.

Brother Cooper has been pastor at Pontotoc for a number of years, and is likely to remain for many more. His people are devoted to him, and they have a right to be, and he is equally in love with his people, for they are worthy of his affections.

I also had the pleasure of assisting Brother Cooper at Tocopola, where I met a most excellent band of brethren and sisters. They too are much in love with their pastor and he with them. It was not an uncommon thing at either of these churches to hear brethren say, "We have the best preacher in Mississippi, for our pastor. (Ps. 133).

My next meeting was with Brother J. D. Franks, at Oak Hill Church. Brother Franks is one of our most promising young preachers. He has not yet completed his education, but will do so as early as it is possible. I suppose that he is now in Clinton College. Any pastorless church in reach of Clinton would do well to secure the services of Brother Franks.

From Oak Hill I went to pleasant Hill to assist Rev. J. L. Henderson for a few days.

Brother Henderson loves the "old story" and wants it told in the old fashion way. He has a firm hold of the doctrines of grace. He is a great believer in good works, but he believes that after we have done all that we ought to have done, still we ought to have done it, and therefore, we cannot merit salvation. According to his way of thinking the gospel is good news about Christ the Saviour. I greatly enjoyed my stay with his people.

My next stay was with Brother Hufstickler at Poplar Springs. He is another one of our coming young preachers who will be heard from in the future. I found some trouble among the Poplar Springs people, but the good Lord moved upon the hearts of the people and peace and harmony was restored.

I next had the pleasure of spending a few days with Rev. S. P. Harris at Auburn Church. Brother Harris is a graduate of Clinton College and also of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and is well qualified to fill a city pastorate, but he be-

lieves that he can do more good by working among the country churches. His people are devoted to him and greatly admire his self-sacrificing spirit. It can be truthfully said of him, as of Barnabas, "He is a good man." My stay with Brother Harris and his people was both pleasant and profitable, to me, at least.

I went from Auburn to Troy, where I assisted Brother J. F. Tulley in a meeting. At Troy I met a most intelligent, consecrated people. Brother Tulley is one among our strongest doctrinal preachers. He is "mighty in the scriptures," and his people love him for his loyalty to the truth. But I am making this letter too long.

Permit me to say in conclusion, that it has never been my pleasure to work with a more noble, loyal set of brethren. The Lord bless them all.

A. J. Preston.

Hurrah!

Let all say so on account of the good things in the Baptist Record of Oct. 15th.

1. The article of Elder Odd on "Baptist Customs Now and Fifty Years Ago," especially that part on receiving persons into a church, hits the nail on the head.

One preacher, several years ago, not a diminutive uneducated, obscure minnow, either, worked quite a number of young people into the church, none of whom have since given any evidence of conversion, but about all of whom have given the church much trouble.

Another preacher, (the writer witnessed this), much praised in certain quarters when, on a certain occasion, seven came forward to join the church, after writing down their names and talking a little with them while the brethren sang, arose and addressing the church, said, "Brethren, these (reading their names) wish to be received into this church. They answer questions well, especially these little children. What's your pleasure?" A motion was made to receive them, which prevailed unanimously.

2. Brother Jordan's piece on "Too many Organizations," rolls on the right track.

"My opinion is that the church at its best, aided by its auxiliaries the prayer-meeting and Sunday School can accomplish the world's evangelization better and quicker than it can by having too many subordinate 'movements.'" You said something when you said that Brother Jordan, sneak again.

3. Then, Brother Editor, your editorial on "Murders and Mobs" is very timely and full of true and good things.

It lacks but one thing and lacks that badly in the judgment of the humble writer. Too many good people influential and leading people, and too many of our papers too often give quasi endorsement of the mob spirit. This and the things you mention seem plainly to be impressing the people, and especially the young more and more, that the thing to do is to equip themselves with a pistol and make deadly use of it when any offense is offered.

If the writer were in a position to wield influence as are many, he would lead off in an effort to correct "the tardiness and uncertainty of our courts in pronouncing adequate punishment upon the criminal," and not let up until the correction was accomplished, and would also endeavor at once to secure a petition signed by as many citizens of the State, as would, urgently requesting our Governor to no more interfere

with the decisions of the courts unless it should be as you say, "in very extreme and rare cases."

Something ought to be done, something must be done, or the time will soon come when one cannot dare to utter sentiments contrary to some other folks without danger of being shot down like a dog.

There are some other good things in the paper, but this scribble is growing too long. Hurrah for Brethren Odd, Jordan and our Editor.

Sincerely,

P. A. Haman.

My Fore-Word.

By R. S. Gavin Pastor First Church, Huntsville, Ala.

Pastoral letter-writing! Why is it not more discussed in our papers?

Why not pastors write more letters to their members? I have always believed in it, and am trying it more and more.

Like all other arts, to be effective, it must be done correctly. There is quite as much in knowing how to write the right kind of a pastoral letter and when as there is in knowing how to make the right kind of a pastoral visit.

Pastoral visiting is good. As long as the people long for their pastor to visit them, so long will the pastor find in pastoral visitation an opportunity which he can find nowhere else.

And the pastor who thinks he can hold his ground without much visiting among all the people had best resign at once and go into the insurance business. We may call it "gadding about from house to house" if we want to; but the fact remains, nevertheless that the people who love to have their pastor in their homes, and, while in their homes he can find an avenue to their hearts which he cannot find without such visiting, even while he stands in his pulpit. The rule is this: The pastor who reaches most ears and hearts from his pulpit is the one who touches most lives and moves most hearts in the homes.

But a letter can often find its way to the heart and life and conscience of a member when even a visit knocks in vain.

I am to furnish a series of pastoral letters for this and several other Baptist papers. Some of them will be reproductions of letters I have at sundry times under various circumstances and conditions, sent to different individuals of my own membership.

For some time I have made it a rule to allow my heart, whenever it felt inclined to do so to send its message of love, sympathy, joy, caution, or admonition to any member of my own flock.

"And often the pangs of absence to move By letters, soft interpreters of love."

The results have always been delightful. Sometimes I send out general letters. Even these accomplish very gratifying results. But there is something on the inside of us which makes us want some special token of remembrance. If it's selfishness it's a holy selfishness. So it happens that every member of mine really wants a letter a bit unlike this one I send to everybody else—and I am glad it is so. But for this longing for individual tokens of remembrance, the most card craze would never have come into being. My boy eleven years old, loves to send

for catalogues sometimes, because he can get them in a wrapper addressed to him rather than to his father or mother.

I sent out a general letter once, addressing one of them, as is my custom, to a man and his wife—the latter being my member. He was not. He asked his wife: "Don't you reckon he sent this same letter to all the other members? If I thought not, I'd go to church next Sunday and tell him how glad I am he wrote." That shows the advantage a personal letter has over a general one.

My actual letter-writing has not covered the entire field, however.

Hence, in the course of the series, when a hypothetical case can serve us to advantage, I shall not hesitate to use it.

The letters are printed to be read! And, in the art of letter-writing, I am not teaching a class. I do not know enough about it to do that.

The letters are printed to be read! And, reader, as you read them, try to imagine that it is your pastor writing out of his own heart to yours. If he hasn't written you himself, it is not because he has not felt in his heart what these letters say. It is no little task for a busy pastor to settle down and get his thoughts together, so he can pour the contents of his heart out on two or three pages of letter paper. A thousand other things are making demands on this time, and clamoring for the best thoughts of his mind and the first place in his heart.

The series begins next week. The first will be a reproduction of a letter I wrote to a young man and mother on the evening after I had attend the funeral of their only child.

"Good-bye—my paper's out so nearly. I've only room for 'Yours sincerely'."

Huntsville Ala.

It always interests me to watch these moguls on the Santa Fe pull and push their string of cars up the Rockies. And I always think of the world's poor unfortunates down at the foot of the mighty hills. Its no trick to bring that train down—the trick is to hold it back. But it takes three ten-drivers to put the train on the crest of the range. Don't forget that! The reason so many fellows are yet far down the valley is that they need some help. After all, and in a very definite sense, you are to blame if the fellow stays down. He would pull the hill if he could. Many a man is casting a wistful, helpful glance toward the heights. Either the grade is too heavy or his boiler is too weak—maybe both. Can't you see that?

Experienced actors have told me that they feel the characters which they impersonate; that if they are playing noble, heroic characters, they actually feel noble impulses, the strong tonic of the heroism assumed. On the other hand, when they are playing mean, contemptible parts, they feel mean and debased. Here's the message for you! Don't put this paper down until you get it. There is everything in assuming, firmly and persistently, the part you really desire to play in life's great drama. Conscientiously—it matters not—in the years to come we shall find ourselves like our models whose part we played on the stage of life.

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The General Association.

It was our pleasure to attend the session of this body which convened at Harmony Church, Smith county, on October 24th.

The weather was ideal, the attendance large and general interest good.

Rev. T. J. Miley was re-elected Moderator. J. W. Rooker, Clerk, and D. T. Chapman, Treasurer. These brethren are justly very popular.

The fellowship and harmony of these good people are beautiful to behold, and they are laying plans for pushing the work along all lines.

An unusually large number of brethren from the State Convention were present. The courtesy extended by the Association to these visitors was marked and greatly appreciated.

Rev. L. D. Bassett preached the associational sermon at 11 a. m., of the first day. It was well thought out, strong, sound and inspiring.

On Sunday morning Brother J. E. Byrd, our Sunday School missionary addressed the association at 9 and Prof. J. L. Johnson, Jr., at 10. These addresses were well received by the association, and will do much good. The former was on the Sunday School, the latter on the Layman's Movement.

At 11, Rev. J. R. Carter preached in the house, and T. J. Bailey at the stand. There was a vast throng of people in attendance on the Sunday services.

At 2 p. m., Rev. A. V. Rowe preached in the house, and Prof. Johnson spoke at the stand, followed by Rev. S. B. Culpeper, president of Clark Memorial College. He is a forceful speaker.

per, president of Clark Memorial College. He is a forceful speaker.

Rev. W. D. Moulder is pastor at Harmony, is very popular and proved a success in the handling of the association.

Our home was with Brother W. F. Williams, who gave us the best treatment and subscribed for The Record besides.

We regretted to leave before the session closed.

Bogue Chitto Association.

At 10 a. m. the messengers assembled, and after devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. S. W. Sibley, the former Moderator Rev. I. H. Anding called the body to order. The letters were read and the election of officers held, resulting in the election of I. H. Anding, Moderator; S. C. Walker, Clerk; G. H. Varnado, Treasurer.

There are 27 churches in this body, one being a new addition to the Association.

All of these were represented. This is the only Association we have attended where this was the case.

Rev. T. C. Schilling the appointee, preached the Associational Sermon at 7:30 p. m., from Gal. 2:20, on the Power of the Regenerated Life.

After this sermon, Rev. J. R. Carter spoke in the interest of the Orphanage, receiving a cash offering of \$13.73.

Rev. J. H. Lane is pastor of the South McComb Church. He and his brethren handled the attendants with great satisfaction to all who attended. The church has a new house of worship, which is well located and commodious. There are three Baptist Churches in the city growing rapidly. All these have been aided by the Convention Board, but two are now self sustaining, and returning annually to the treasurer of our Convention Board liberal sums.

We could not stay to the close of the Association, but feel sure that everything went well.

David's Unfitness.

David had had a great success and honor under God. He had done well in establishing the kingdom and he was to have his own special reward for his faithfulness. He was to be blessed with a line of kings bearing his name, until the term "Son of David" was to become honorable, and to be chosen by the Son of God as his own title.

But David was not the man for building the temple. He had been a man of war and had a reputation for bloody deeds. He was not a suitable person for so holy a service which required a cleaner record and finer character. It was more fitting that a new untarnished king should perform this service. Thus we see that although David's fighting qualities served God's cause, the scripture put them in a second class which could not have the highest honor from God. If the temple had been built by David it would have been "tainted" with the smell and association of blood.

David was a man who was thoughtful upon the interests of religion. His first step on securing Jerusalem as a capital was to secure the symbol of God's presence in the ark of the covenant. His next thought when he had established himself in Jerusalem was to honor God with a noble and beautiful house.

There are people in our churches and schools who are like David in having on their hearts the work of God and in thinking what more they can do for the cause of religion. They are not content with material progress in the community while the cause of religion is lagging behind.

The Chosen Builder.

A father is happy in the honor and success of his son and David was nearly as well and perhaps more pleased that his son should build the temple. A father is honored in his son. He is willing and glad that his son should be greater than himself.

David's wars and constructions and preparations laid a foundation of success for his son upon which the glory of Solomon was raised. David's real honor was never obscured by that of his successors and the more they added to the kingdom the greater his name and fame.

We live in our children and in those who take up our work. Christ lives in His followers. The more they do, the more they glorify Him. He said "I am glorified in them." Judson and Carey and A. J. Gordon make Christ more honorable and beloved by their exhibitions of what His Spirit does through them. Our own work, though limited by our imperfections adds to what can be done and will be done for Christ.

A Good Purpose.

David's desire to build a suitable house for God was a sincere and honest one. He meant well and was commended for his thought of such a project. It was approved by the prophet Nathan in his own first judgment.

We have many desires and plans for God's work which are excellent in themselves and the Spirit of God prompts them and is pleased with them. But we are not able to realize them or see their results, because it takes time, preparation of heart and the co-operation of others to secure their practical operation. It is all right to cherish desires and breathe them out in prayer, and also to attempt to do something even if we fail in accomplishing it because our desire or prayer or act is the little beginning which will surely come to its fruition under some one.

A New Tabernacle Not Needed.

God Himself had not called for a new house of worship. It was David's own uninspired project. God did not need a house like man. The ark and the old tabernacle were only symbols, and not really able to contain God's presence, or to represent His glory. God's real dwelling place is in the universe and in the human spirit.

It was necessary that David should realize God's spirituality and that no temple could be adequate to represent His glory. A splendid house of worship may give an erroneous impression, that it is the actual seat of God's presence. The Jews in the time of Christ thought that God's presence was limited to their splendid temple. To the Protestant mind St. Peter's Church in Rome, however splendid as a human production seems a tawdry and gilded piece of architecture and air for a residence of the divine glory. A splendid house of worship may be made the idol of human reverence and regard, rather than the place where God is worshipped in spirit and truth.

Thursday, October 29, 1908.

From any point of view the world's strategic places are our greatest cities. It used to be that the outposts lay along the borders of civilization. But in this age, the frontier of civilization runs down boulevards and paved streets. On the one side, the idle rich in spacious places; on the other, the idle poor in squalid huts and crowded tenements. Either side proves to be the spawning ground for special leaches that suck the life-blood out of the honest rich and the toiling poor. On the one hand, a refined debauchery that excuses itself with filthy gold and family prestige; on the other, a poverty so dense that the foulness of a no worse crime stalks into public gaze. A special crime is none the less flagrant because it exists amidst the gaudy glitter of a rich man's harem or is perfumed by the breath of roses filched from the bosom of a social queen.

On last Sunday the Lowrey Memorial Church, Blue Mountain, had in its Sunday School 751. Mr. P. H. Lowrey, Jr., is the efficient superintendent who is leading this school to such size and efficiency. Of course, he has dozens of first-class helpers, including Pastor Kimbrough and wife. This youthful superintendent is showing older ones how to build up a large and strong Sunday School.

Rev. J. R. Edwards, a great preacher and teacher from Louisiana, visited his old home and church, (Antioch, Warren County), on the occasion of the ordination of Brother Harvey E. Dana. Following Dr. W. N. Hamilton's sermon in the morning on: "Take heed unto thyself and unto the teaching," it was appropriate that Brother Edwards emphasized, in the afternoon, "The Church or God," her teachings and attitude and relation to the world. Never was a more faithful and sounder message delivered to the people of God.

We acknowledge the receipt of an invitation from Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Gullede to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Bertha, to Mr. Hugh I. Crowder, on Nov. 5th, at 8 o'clock, in the Baptist Church, Goodman, Miss. We express our wishes for a large measure of usefulness and happiness during their walk together in life.

The Osyka Church under the strong and wise leadership of Rev. J. R. G. Hewlett, pastor, has gone from one-half to full time. The church gave for Home Missions, \$100, for Foreign Missions, \$106, and the Seminary Endowment \$500. Within the last two years, there have been 116 additions to the church. In November, the church will pay a debt of \$500 on the pastor's home.

After all there is nothing that goes to the heart of another like the recognition of personal worth. Most of us can recall the days when we walked with a lighter step because there had come to us the cordial recognition of another human soul. We do not always think what resources of encouragement and helpfulness lie in an honest word of recognition of another's work and purpose.

Rev. A. A. Walker, Bogue Chitto, is in a great meeting at Judsonia, Ark., and requests the prayers of all Record readers. The Lord is greatly blessing the services.

It pays to keep your eyes on your clothes while you are in the swim.

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

5

Many a man has been kept from a disgraceful criminal act by the very thought that somebody loved him, that somebody believed in him, that somebody trusted him.

A face that cannot smile is like the rose that cannot blossom.

This day is the summary of the ages—and you are a part of the tomorrow.

The real secret of a happy life is putting one's powers as far as they will go.

The shadow reports true of the substance. There are no doubtful foreshadowings of your inner self.

Put on the brakes! Some day, by its awful momentum, the splendid machinery will go to the junk pile.

Your sense of the difference between right and wrong is the limit of your convictions on a given question.

Time is so rapid in its awful flight that it will not be long till we hear the swish of the boatman's oar.

In the sunset days the mind, weary with its years of toil, turns within for rest. We feed then on garnered stores.

Crosses here—crowns yonder. In the conquest here—sighs and sibs; in the triumph yonder—wreaths and coronets.

The "yellow peril" is here now. It is gold that makes life perilous, and the heart's history one supreme tragedy.

An Introduction.

Please let me introduce an important girl to our Mississippi Baptists.

Miss Susie Mitchell was an orphan girl, and was partially raised and educated in my home at Blue Mountain College. After graduating she taught for two years with splendid success; but her heart was set on the work of a trained nurse. She has now taken the full three years' hospital course, and is ready to enter upon her profession. She is just now looking after my good wife and our eighth son—an eleven-pound boy, who arrived in our home a week ago.

We have found her an angel of mercy, as we knew she would be.

With such a nurse, wife finds it almost a luxury to be sick.

I commend Miss Susie to our people as an earnest Christian young woman, and a nurse that will rank with the best. I hope our pastors and our physicians will remember her. She can be called any time from Blue Mountain by letter, phone or telegram.

Please let me close by saying: As our Baptist hospitals are opening up all over the land, I hope to see hundreds of our consecrated Baptist girls enter the training schools and become professional nurses. It is a mission work worthy of a woman's life, and gives a woman a fine opportunity to win her own way in the world. In power for usefulness, the consecrated nurse like the consecrated physician, stands close to the preacher.

Truly,
B. G. Lowrey.

Clarksdale.

We are here with Brother Ed. Solomon in a meeting. This is one of the most difficult fields I have ever been in. The meeting is strictly a Baptist meeting. The congregations are about as small as we have preached to in twenty-odd years. However, these old folks say they are fine. Solomon is a fine spirit to work with and is gaining ground here for the Baptists. All this time 20 have united with the church up to this writing—and others will do so. Never preached to as few children in my life. Only 4 children have united with the church. Some 15 professed faith last night, 8 were men and the rest were boys. I love to reach men for Christ.

My home is with Brother and Sister Dameron. Brother Dameron is a railroad conductor, and he and his good wife are splendid supporters to the pastor and church. God bless such homes and such people who do all in their power to make the rough way of a preacher smooth.

Our next meeting is at Meridian, Miss. If God opens the way, we shall spend the winter in this State.

God bless the pastors throughout this delta country. Brother, pray for them daily.
Sid Williams

Resolutions Adopted by the First Baptist Church, West Point, Miss.

Inasmuch as Rev. W. T. Hudson, who, for more than seven years has gone in and out before this people, as pastor of our church, today severs his relationship, by resignation made three months ago. Now therefore, be it resolved by the church,
First. That we have found in W. T. Hudson an unselfish, untiring servant of his Lord and Master, laboring in and out of season for the good of men and women and for the glory and honor of God's cause.

A man of ability, deep spirituality and a wholly consecrated life.

Second. That during these more than seven years, as pastor of this church, there has been a constant growth and development, not alone in members, but in grace, spirituality and all good works.

The membership of the church has been almost doubled, offerings for missions and charity increased in about the same ratio. Surely, God has signally blessed and prospered the work committed to His servant's hands in this field.

Third. That his usefulness has not been confined alone to his own church and people, but has manifested itself, wherever his hands have found opportunity to do good. He has at all times and at every place ably proclaimed the power of the gospel lovingly, and boldly denounced sin in high and low places.

Fourth. A hopeful, prayerful and united church extends to our brother and his splendid earnest and helpful wife our prayers that God will continue to bless them and use them for great good into whatever leads the spirit may guide them.

Fifth. That the clerk furnish a copy of these resolutions to Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hudson, The Baptist Record, and same be spread upon the Minutes of the church.

T. C. Kimbrough,
Isiah Evans,
J. A. Crawford.

News in the Circle.

Martin Ball.

It is stated that Rev. J. P. Harrington will leave Vicksburg and go to Aberdeen. Happy pastor; happy people.

Rev. W. J. Anthony has resigned the work at Lexington, Ark., and takes charge at once at Petersburg, Ind. Brother Anthony is one of our strongest men.

Evangelist Sid Williams of Texas, is in a gerat meeting at Clarksdale with Pastor Solomon. The Lord bless the efforts put forth.

The Baptist Churches of Kansas gave last year to all purposes \$365,023.55. Let those of us who boast of our great numbers take notice and give accordingly.

Rev. W. E. McEwen has resigned as pastor at Ozark, Ark., to enter the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville.

The Kansas Baptists held a very interesting and profitable session of the Kansas Convention last week, at Pittsburg, in the Southeastern portion of the State.

The church at Russellville, Ky., recently set apart Brother W. R. Goodman to the full work of the Gospel ministry. Brother Goodman is a brilliant student in Bethel College.

The papers state that Dr. R. A. Venable is assisting Pastor E. W. Spencer in a meeting at Wiggins and "those who are at tending are enjoying an intellectual as well as a spiritual feast."

Pastor Theo. Whitfield writes: "I have been called to the Flat River, Mo., Church, and am taking charge of the work. Our church rolls numbers some 400. Have a town of some 5,000—a mining town in one of the Missouri lead belts."

From the facile pen of that gifted writer, N. R. Pittman, in the Word and Way, come some of the best and most interesting and pithy statements to be found anywhere. He writes under the heading "Fragments."

The Word and Way says: "The Baptist cause in Kansas is weak. Our people are slow in getting a start. Somehow the soil has not been just adapted to Baptist seed." Maybe the seed sown was a little tainted. Some liberalism mixed with loose doctrine.

Dr. J. B. Love, one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Home Board, has been changed from Atlanta, Ga., to Dallas, Texas, and will operate largely west of the Mississippi river.

The State Board of Kentucky, has called Rev. J. P. Jenkins to the position of State Evangelist. The position occupied by Dr. W. D. Powell before he became Secretary of the Board. His salary will be paid by the Walnut Street Church, Louisville, Ky.

The work at Eagle Pass, Texas, will be under the management of T. H. Jenkins. He goes to that work by appointment of the State Board of Texas.

There are ten Baptist Churches in Little Rock, Ark., with a total membership of 2,739. The Immanuel Church has the largest, 845, and the Second, of which Dr. Christian is pastor, is next—719.

Rev. H. Haywood writes from Clinton: "Brother Harvey Dana, pastor of Belin Baptist Church, passed a very rigid examination last week at Clinton, as to his call to and qualification for the ministry. He will be ordained the third Sunday at Antioch Church, Warren county."

The campaign in Birmingham, Ala., conducted by the Home Board Evangelists, led by W. W. Hamilton, closed last Sunday. There were over 600 additions to the Baptist churches in the city. Evangelist McComb, who aided in the work, goes at once to Meridian to aid Pastor Hailey in a meeting at Fifteenth Avenue Church.

It is a great pity that more of our members are not studying the Sacred Literature Course this winter—Dr. I. J. Van Ness' book, "Training in Church Membership," ought to be in the hand of every Baptist in the State. Write to the Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tenn., for it.

William Jennings Bryan paid a high compliment to the Baptist College at Rangoon, Burma, during his recent visit. He endowed a perpetual scholarship to be known as the Bryan-Baird scholarship. His wife's maiden name was Baird. Thus he aids in educating Baptist young men.

Dr. J. E. Hicks, of the First Church, Danville, Va., says in the Religious Herald: "We ought not to pander to the selfishness and stinginess of that contingent of our people who demand a cheap paper." Cheap things are not good at any price. Sometimes one copy of the Baptist Record is worth more than \$2.00.

Missionaries D. W. Herring and W. D. King, who were the first to go off with Dr. T. P. Crawford in the Gospel Mission movement, have come back to the Foreign Mission Board. They have seen the Gospel Mission plan is utterly impracticable. It is bad to have good men led off by wrong conceptions.

Once, a young art student had just finished a picture and, with tears in her eyes, declared that it was another awful failure. Just then the instructor, seeing what she had done, took a brush and palette and put a few strokes of light here and there; and lo! the "failure" was a thing of beauty. The young woman learned to put on the finishing touches to her own "failure" and they won the prize after all. On, there are so many thousands who stand on the very threshold of success and then turn back. They need to just know the art of putting on the finishing touch. Half the world fails because they become discouraged at the critical moment. Dogged persistence is what we need so much. Perseverance is the open sesame to the door of every man's success.

A Question.

Can a church really dissolve? What becomes of the members? Where do they belong? Letters given them say by the said church, "until joined to some other of the

same faith and order." Suppose some do not so use their letters; then they keep alive the old church, it would seem, liable to resume meetings.

Issuing indiscriminate "Letters" is bad enough and not only gives trouble, but often results in great loss to the denomination. Many consider themselves free from the church, and not a few allow their children to drift into other sects or perhaps into downright infidelity. They are nominally Baptists; yet lost in counting our statistics.

Something is wrong, somewhere. Who is at fault, and what is the remedy? I suggest a few things:

1. More pastoral instruction outside of the pulpit.
2. More adult members in the Sunday School.
3. More family visitation and personal work.
5. More study of the Word.
6. More consecration.
7. More consistent walk and example.

L. A. D.

Once a gentleman asked me if I had noticed that age, with its hitherto inseparable associations, brought two hearts into perfect likeness—physically, as well as mentally. And the thought brought me a tender, yet pathetic memory. Away on the "Denver," toward the wild enchantments of the Rockies—of this I thought. They had ridden near me all the night, and it was now toward the sunset of another day. Poorly clad, all gave evidence of the hard lot of the toilers. Their faces each were furrowed and their forms were bent. But he never spoke that her eyes did not kindle afresh with lustrous fire. She never smiled but what waves of laughter chased across his old and haggard face. When she grew thirsty the old man tottered down the aisle of the rocking train just to bring her a drink. If the dust grew a bit stifling she fanned him as though nothing worried her. And when the shadows fell I noticed he sat up all the night through. Of course he dozed, but the dream of his youth slept sweetly over a heart that had grown so mellow with the flight of years. Once more I thought of the big world's unspoken tragedies. They did not appear when in the morning glow the troth was plighted in some sweetly silent hour. There was no promise of impending gloom that night when, amidst a wilderness of flowers and a multitude of friends, the perfume of the orange blossom lingered in her straying tresses. Amidst the scented groves and the hush of eventime, the rich, red wine of love had throbbled on in every vein. As in the hour of unexpected storm one day the great cloud hung low. The tumult and din, in its very suddenness, made them forget—they forgot the sunny hours. Then came the overwhelming tide of perplexities, unavoidable reveries, the rashness of temper, and the wild rush of heated words. Like the magnolia and the lily, the blight came—for the delicate flower touched by alien hands. What a pity they had not wandered out afresh where the aroma of the flowers would make them forget! What strains of sadness now because when the tempest came they did not pass once more into the soft witchery of the starlight! Its velvet touch might have cooled their heated hearts just like zephyrs from the hills will chase the wearied brow. But they did not—and now they have lost each other in a starless night. The undertone of a love that hides its weeping is like the

moanings of a restless sea whose sighings will not hush. Here begins that sad and endless day—the parting of the ways. There is an inexpressible pathos when two hearts that really love cannot longer journey toward the sunset glow. This is the sum of every tragedy, the death of every hope, the burying ground of every joy. Once a heart is bartered for the one it loves, it were a thousand-fold better to be its slave and martyr than to wander alone with nothing but the recollections of life's early morning to haunt it like a ghost.

Alone With a Tiger.

"I would any day rather face a lion than a tiger!" said the Colonel.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Baronet; "and why? Is not the lion the King of Beasts?"

"Yes, but the tiger is often the bigger built, and is certainly more crafty, cruel, and ferocious than the lion. I have shot both, so I ought to be able to say something on the subject!"

"Well," said the Baronet, "I was never in Africa or Asia, so that I never had the pleasure of meeting either animal in its native wilds. By the by, I suppose that the usual way to hunt the tiger is on the back of an elephant, eh?"

"Yes, you want a trusty elephant which has been trained for the purpose; then you must have a good rifle and revolver, good beaters to start your game from cover, and last, but not least, you must have nerve and keep cool!"

The Baronet was interested and thoughtful.

He said: "Then I take it that a man, by himself and on foot, would stand a poor chance against a tiger?"

"By himself—alone!" exclaimed the Colonel; "certainly the very ghost of a chance!"

"But suppose the man were armed with a sharp dagger?"

The Colonel and the Baronet started, and stared at the quiet stranger in the corner who had just spoken.

"Eh?" said the Colonel sharply.

"I said, suppose that the man were armed with a sharp dagger, what then?"

"Then," replied the Colonel solemnly, "I hope the man would have made his will, for the tiger would make mincemeat of him in less than no time!"

"Hem! I don't believe it," said the stranger quietly.

"What don't you believe?" stammered the Colonel angrily.

"I don't believe that a man alone, and armed with a sharp dagger, need necessarily furnish mincemeat for your ferocious tiger!"

The Colonel was dumb with amazement at the stranger's audacity; but the Baronet, anxious to preserve peace, said: "Well, you see, as there is no adventurous sportsman to prove the thing one way or the other, I suppose you two gentlemen must agree to differ."

"You are mistaken," replied the stranger in the same quiet tones, "for I happen to know a man who is prepared to prove what I say."

The Colonel laughed disdainfully. "And pray whom may this doughty lunatic be?"

"Myself!"

"Do it!" cried the Colonel, "and I'll not only pay your expenses, but I'll give a cheque for £1,000 to any deserving charity which you like to name."

"Done!" said the stranger, "and your friend here is witness: If I don't succeed I pay my own expenses. Do we clearly understand each other?"

"I think so," said the Colonel, and glanced enquiringly at his friend, who nodded.

"Here is my card," said the stranger, handing it to the Colonel. The two friends looked at it with interest, but it did not enlighten them much: they simply read the words "James Smith," and each made a mental note, "I have met with that name before!"

"I confess that I don't quite see how this business is to be managed," said the Colonel, "for neither my friend nor I, I think, is prepared to go out to India."

"I quite appreciate your difficulty," replied the man James Smith; but surely you have friends—officers who are quartered with their regiments—in, say, Bengal? If the business were explained to them they would see that I honorably discharged my part of the bargain!"

"An excellent suggestion," said the Baronet. "We'll work it somehow, Mr. Smith."

"Now about the time of the year which would best serve my purpose," said Smith.

"Like your friend here, Colonel, I have never set foot on India's coral strand, so must rely on your judgment in the matter: What say you?"

"Oh, undoubtedly the dry season—May or June, water being scarce then: your tiger is a thirsty beggar, and where he drinks is the likeliest place to find him."

"And this is March, so that I shall have just comfortable time to make my arrangements before starting. All right, then, we will fix it so. You will act at once?"

"At once," replied the Colonel.

"Then that business is settled," said the man named Smith.

There followed a busy time for those concerned, most of all for Mr. Smith. If anyone had had the curiosity to interest himself in his movements, such an one might have been somewhat puzzled and astonished. Mr. Smith favored a good many dealers in the antique visit; as a customer he was very critical, very particular and hard to satisfy. At any rate he seemed to know what he wanted and had made up his mind to have it!

At length arrangements on the part of the three chiefly concerned were completed, and Mr. James Smith sailed for India.

The dry season in Eastern Bengal had set in drier than usual, and the sun was hotter. Nature seemed to shrink, shrivel and parch before the burning eye of noon.

In the white walled barracks at Cottam-pore, Major Townsend, of the 153rd, was stretching his limbs after his afternoon siesta in very undress uniform, with a cooling drink ready at his elbow, when a visitor was announced—"Mr. James Smith."

"Well, Mr. Smith, welcome to Cottam-pore," said the Major, eyeing his visitor curiously and with half a twinkle in his eye.

"Allow me to say that I admire a plucky sportsman, but are you in need seriously bent on this business? Excuse me, but have you weighed well the risks? I assure you that what you propose to undertake is no child's play. I don't consider myself a coward but I would not dare alone, and armed only with a dagger, to tackle a tiger! Be advised and abandon your purpose before it is too late. Believe me, discretion is the better part of valour!"

"I thank you for your very well meant and friendly warning, but my mind was made up from the first, and I fully intend to go through with the business. But there is one most important point still to consider, and that is—where is the tiger?"

"Oh, make your mind easy on that score," said the Major; "I know where you are likely to find one without fail—that is if I cannot succeed in dissuading you from your purpose."

"My mind is fully made up," said the other; "and, believe me, I have no fear as to the result."

"Well, a wilful man must have his way! Are you prepared to venture yourself tomorrow night?"

"Yes," said Smith; if that will suit you it will suit me."

The next evening, soon after the sun had gone down, a small body of men stole quietly through the jungle towards a pool of water where the forest creatures were in the habit of drinking. The Major and his friends were well armed, and prepared to interfere in case of need. James Smith was accompanied by a coolie who carried a somewhat bulky box.

Arrived at the pool the coolie put down the box, and Smith proceeded to open it. It contained a full suit of plate armour!

The Major stared.

From a small box which he carried, Smith took a Venetian dagger with a double-edged blade of Toledo steel sharp as a razor.

Then he proceeded, with the assistance of the coolie, to buckle on his armor which completely covered him from top to toe. Next he put mailed gauntlets on his hands, took up his dagger, and announced himself as "ready!"

"Walk up and down yonder by the margin of the pool," whispered the Major.

The place did not look particularly inviting. In and about the noisome water were tall reeds and rushes, affording excellent cover for a wild beast; then came long grass, and at the back of the grass, jungle trees, the thorn, corinda bushes, various kinds of fig festooned with ropes of parasitic plants. A gruesome enough place by day, but how much more fearful at night! There was no moon, and common objects looked strange and unfamiliar in the semi-darkness. And the man was alone.

Up and down, up and down he walked, his ears strained to catch the faintest sound;

"But the silence was unbroken. And the stillness gave no token!"

Hark! There was a faint hissing sound, and the long grass yonder slightly stirred. Two eyes like tiny lamps glowed with a kind of phosphorescent light. The tiger paused and considered the situation. What was that upright thing that stalked up and down? The tiger had had no experience of men clad in plate armour! The creature lashed its striped flanks with its tail, and crouched ready to spring. In another moment its huge body sped through the air.

James Smith had thrown himself to the ground. The tiger missed him, but in an instant, it returned and fastened on his helmet. Tooth and nail were busily at work, but the claws slipped on the armour of proof, and the tee blunted themselves in vain. The royal beast could not understand the situation. With growls it bit and clawed in vain, and got more and more furious. But the weight of the huge beast and the rough shaking were crushing the lift out of the man

pent up in his steel casing. As the tiger stood over his body, Smith saw, at last, his opportunity. It was now or never! He made a supreme effort, and with a swift dexterous turn of his wrist plunged the dagger to the hilt in the tiger's breast. The point pierced the heart, and the huge animal fell dead on the body of the man. The Major and his friends hastened up, but the man lay without motion.

"Poor chap!" exclaimed the Major; "the brute has done for him after all!"

Quickly the head piece was removed, but James Smith had only fainted, and soon recovered consciousness.

"Bravo!" cried the Major, "that \$1,000 is well earned; but I wouldn't have stood in your shoes just now! By jingo, I thought you were a bone con!"

"Well," said Smith, "at any rate you and your men are witnesses to the fact that I have proved what I have asserted; but I must confess that I am not eager to repeat the experiment."

When the next Indian man reached London the Colonel eagerly read the letter he received from Major Townsend; then he sought his friend the Baronet. Bursting in upon him, he cried excitedly: "He's done it! He's killed his tiger! Read that!"

The Baronet read and smiled.

"Not a bad idea, by Jove! The man was not such a fool as we thought him—eh, Colonel?"

The affair got noised abroad, as such things will, so that ever after the hero of the adventure was known as "Plate-armor Smith."—Little Folks.

Indianola.

Our meeting begins here on First Sunday in November. Rev. John F. Purser of Atlanta, will do the preaching for us.

We had one of the best sessions of the Deer Creek Association in its history. A large increase in all the churches. Our church here reported 51 additions during the year, and \$2,490 raised for all objects. We are hoping for a greater year's work.

R. M. Boone.

Oct. 17, 1908.

Choctaw Association.

The Choctaw Association convened with Center Ridge Church, Kemper county, Saturday, October 17, 1908. Rev. R. M. Woodruff was elected Moderator, and Jno. C. McDade was elected Clerk and Treasurer.

The letters read showed a good work among the churches in baptisms and money contributed.

The reports were good and ably discussed. Visiting ministers were, Revs. Jno. E. White and J. L. Williams, both coming back home, both having presided over previous meetings of this body.

Brother White preached the Introductory Sermon, Subject, "The Holy Spirit." He preached again Sunday at 11 o'clock, subject, "The Transfiguration of Christ," after which a \$18 mission collection was taken. J. L. Williams preached in the afternoon Sunday. Text, Jno. 11:9, 12:32 & 40.

The entertainment was excellent. Adjourned to meet with New Bethel Church, Nexabee County, Friday before 3rd Sunday in October, 1909.

J. L. Williams

My Meetings.

Blackwater.

Was the place of first meeting. Began 4th Sunday in July. Had Rev. J. D. Fulton to help. He preached till Thursday. Baptized 5, and 2 by letter, later.

DeKalk.

Began here second Sunday in September. Had Brother J. H. Newton to do the preaching. Meeting closed Friday following, with one received by letter.

Antioch.

Had Brother Newton to help here, beginning 1st Saturday in September. Meeting continued through the week, with 17 additions, 10 baptized, 6 restored and 1 by statement.

In all these meetings, the Spirit was manifest and the preaching was sound and good; but in the Antioch meeting the Spirit's demonstration was special.

In converting power, as these 10 can testify—from young people to mature men and women, and one old civil war veteran, in reclaiming back-sliders, as some of these show. Six men happily restored to their church fellowship and obedience to God and duty—one having stood excluded for 40 or 50 years.

Some brethren who had quarreled with each other, came together in the church and made friends and others did so on the grounds.

A good interest continued and so we agreed to come together again. Brother Newton preaching 1st Sunday in October, at Monticello School house, in Antioch territory, and continued through another week, baptizing 3 and restoring 1, as the visible results of the meeting. Thus adding 21 to the church membership, and general spiritual uplift to the church.

Thus in all these meetings I feel that old Kemper is the gainer and to God be all the glory.

J. L. Williams, Pastor.

Daleville, Miss.

Louisville, Ky.

Dear Brother Bailey:

I held a ten days' meeting at Stilkton, Ky. 41 additions. The Lord broke in on the Catholics, Christian Scientists and Methodists.

Christ, the only mediator between God and man, is death to Catholicism.

The Hell of torment for the unbeliever, sobered Christian Scientists.

Salvation by grace and our Lord's baptism lifted our Methodists upon the Rock. Then led them down in Jordan with their Lord.

I left the Seminary for a five days' meeting at McQuady, Ky. 20 additions.

Please change my paper from New York Hall to 909 3rd street, Louisville, Ky.

Very truly,

N. R. Stone.

Oct. 22, 1908.

Slidell, La.

Dear Record:

Just a word about our meeting at Purvis. As I wrote you, Brother J. P. Williams, of Silver Creek, came to our assistance and for about ten days preached the Word for us in power and demonstration of the Spirit.

I can cheerfully say much good was done and the church built up in the faith. Brother Williams is a clear and earnest preacher of the old time gospel. The attendance was good, and although we had to use the court house as a meeting place, yet that did not seem to hinder. The people came in good crowds and the interest increased to the end.

The character of work that Brother Williams does will always build up the church.

We have fourteen for baptism, and eleven or twelve thus far by letter. There will be one other at least for baptism and one by letter. There may be others, but I speak only of those that I have reason to believe will come. The church is stronger than it was before he came. It is a pleasure to be associated in the work with such a brother.

Our church house is progressing nicely, and every day we are prouder of it. I hope to spend one day at the Lebanon Association and then hasten home to the New Orleans, that meets in my Slidell Church the very next day.

Yours fraternally,

A. Finch.

Oct. 23, 1908.

Ordination at Antioch.

Some weeks ago I saw the announcement in the Record that on the 3rd Sunday in October there would be an ordination of two deacons and a preacher at Antioch Church in Mississippi. I saw that the young brother who was to be ordained to the ministry was the son of Brother Charley Dana, who was baptized at the same time I was. The two young men to be ordained as deacons I had known from infancy.

Having been baptized into the fellowship of that noble old church and licensed by her to preach the gospel, I felt a strong desire to be present at that ordination if possible. In company with wife and baby, I took the train for Vicksburg Saturday morning, and late that afternoon we reached the home of Brother James Bolls. Sunday morning was bright and clear and we had a glorious day. Brother Harvey Dana had already been examined as to his Christian experience, call to the ministry and doctrinal views by a council at Clinton. The report of that council was read to the church and accepted as satisfactory. The two deacons were examined by Brother W. N. Hamilton, the pastor and the other deacons of the church, and recommended for ordination.

The writer was invited by the church to act with the presbytery in the ordination. Brother W. N. Hamilton of Clinton, preached the sermon, the writer offered the prayer and Brother Haywood presented the Bible and delivered the charge.

Brother Hamilton's sermon was one of the best I ever heard on such an occasion.

Brother Harvey Dana is a young man of great promise. He is already doing a great work. I thank God that old Antioch is to have a representative in him.

It was the privilege of the writer to preach at 2 p. m. The service seemed to be enjoyed by all.

From what I could learn the pastor has things well in hand and they are planning for greater things in the future.

J. R. Edwards.

Winfield, La.

From the School of the Prophets.

It was Burke who said: "Education is the cheap defense of nations."

Doubly true it is that an educated ministry is the bulwark of this commonwealth, where a high popular standard of morals is so necessary. Here I use the word education in a broad sense.

Mississippi has 20 enrolled in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at this writing. This makes her the fourth State in point of numbers; Kentucky, North Carolina and Georgia lead in the order named, but the last two are barely abreast of Mississippi. When we consider that the first State is the home of the Seminary, and that Mississippi is close behind the other two, we are justified in being proud of our record.

But many others are thinking of coming. They ought to come now. The new plan of having four examinations makes it possible for one to enter practically any time. Let us put Mississippi second in the list of the States having the largest enrollment.

Ours is a cosmopolitan Seminary. A Bulgarian sits near me in the dining hall, and not far away I can see a Swede. There are men here from Canada, England, Australia, Russia, Brazil, China and from many parts of this country.

Mississippi has three candidates for the degree of Th.M., the full course of three years. This is a large number for one State. They are brethren J. B. Leavell, N. R. Stone, and T. W. Green. The two former gave up good pastorates to come back and complete their work. Their example is worthy of widespread imitation. Your scribe has been at the Seminary one year and a half, and hopes to finish the full course of three years the middle of next session.

Prof. L. P. Leavell is now a resident of Louisville. We are glad this useful son of old Mississippi is here with us. Last winter in our lecture course he gave a series of brilliant lectures that were of great benefit to all.

Finally a word of exhortation: I wonder if you, my brothers, who have been thinking in a vague, uncertain way of coming here some day—I wonder if you will not just come right on now! If you do, we will meet you with a good Mississippi welcome. More anon.

Faithfully yours,

Hendon M. Harris.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 20, 1908.

Three Questions.

In the issue of the 15th, I noted Brother Jordan's article on "Too Much Organization." He stated that we now have too many "Movements." He asks for some one to turn on more light.

Now, Brother Jordan, will you, through the Record, answer these questions?

1. How many members of your church can you count on to do work for the Master to the extent of their ability?
2. How many are what might be termed partially developed?
3. Do you consider this an average showing among our churches, or above or below an average?

Thos. T. Gooch.

The hands of modern commercialism are stained with blood.

A Box Packing.

Will you please say through the Record that the women of Tippah Association packed a box for Frontier Missionary Rev. J. J. Williams, La Fayette, Tex., on last Monday, the 9th. The value of box was \$124.96.

The following churches were represented: Ripley, Dumas, Hickory Flat, Beulah, Providence, Fellowship, Macedonia, Union and Lowrey Memorial, (Blue Mountain).

Yours in service,

Mrs. R. A. Kimbrough,

Vice-President W. M. U. Tippah Ass'n. Blue Mountain, Miss.

Be brave! True the scorching rays fall hot on your already blistered face—but somewhere the cooling winds will softly fan your feverish brow. You'll sometimes come to cloudless skies—but some day there'll be the clouds that bring their shadows. Are your dear arms empty and your disappointed heart so dead and cold? Be strong! True the icy winds carry the frost and chill, but somewhere there is a heart that will be true and ne waits to pillow his head in the hollow of your shoulder. Sometimes you will begin anew life's long sweet dream of love. Be brave and strong! True the ocean winds have lashed the waves into wildest fury—but as certain as the clouds ever came, they shall drift away, and your barque will reach the open sea.

Some Words.

I am with Brother I. A. Hailey in a meeting at the Fifteenth Avenue Church of Meridian. Brother Hailey began his meeting last Wednesday night, the 21st and I joined him on Saturday, the 24th.

Yesterday was a gracious day with us.

I will be here till about the 4th or 5th of November, and write this card to ask the brethren and sisters who may read it to remember us in their prayers. We had two splendid accessions to the church last night, one by letter, and the other for baptism. My next meeting is in Henderson, Ky. It is a great delight to be back in Mississippi, and we are enjoying our home at Clinton, Miss.

With love to the brotherhood, I am,

Very truly,

W. A. McComb.

A Great Meeting.

West End Baptist Church, Laurel, has another great shower from on high.

Our meeting began October 12th, and ran until Oct. 22nd. Every service was blessed of the Lord in the salvation of a soul or the reclaiming of a wandering child. My brother, Rev. Luther Holcomb, pastor at Durant, did the preaching—just the simple message of the Cross—delivered in unspeakable earnestness and unwavering faith that such a message would overcome the hardest—and it did.

Received 46—30 of whom by baptism. No greater meeting has been held in Laurel, for the church and the town in general. Preacher, pastor and people give unto our Lord all the glory and praise.

H. R. Holcomb.

Laurel, Miss., Oct. 24, 1908.

At last character never rises above its plane of thought.

The worst foe of the people living in all the Delta country is Malaria. We all imbibe it. We eat it, we drink it, we inhale it, when we breathe. It Poisons the Blood, engorges the Liver, and Overtaxes the Kidneys and charges the system with this deadly poison. We feel bad, have no appetite, can't sleep, are constipated. Dr. Reams has discovered a specific remedy that Cures Malaria, (we have thousands of testimonials to this fact). Biliousness, Constipation, Sick-Headache and all Liver and Kidney troubles. 10,000 Bottles of Reams' Liver and Kidney Pills were sold in Jackson, Miss., the past year. Every bottle is guaranteed and money refunded if purchaser is not more than pleased and out of all sales made, of thousands of bottles, all over the South, there has not been one complaint. Two of Reams' Liver and Kidney Pills and 10 grains of Quinine will cure a cold in one night. Price 25c per bottle, or 5 bottles \$1 by mail.

For our reliability, we refer you to Gov. A. H. Longino, Dr. T. J. Bailey, R. O. Edwards, P. M., or any citizen of Jackson.

For sale at all druggists, or by mail from Reams Pharnal Co., P. O. Box 22, Jackson, Miss.

Do You Need a Preacher?

Rev. N. R. Stone graduated at Mississippi College two years ago last June. He was an excellent preacher then. He has since had two years in the Theological Seminary, and has preached a great deal during that time. He is especially gifted in evangelistic work. His present address is No. 909, 3rd street, Louisville, Ky. He would like to hold a few meetings between this and Christmas in Mississippi. I hope that some church in need of a meeting will put him to work immediately. Churches without pastors might also do well to give him immediate and careful consideration.

Mr. R. B. Gunter, now of Newton, Miss., graduated with us one year ago last June. He took his college course expecting to be a physician. Immediately after graduating he secured a fine position on a splendid salary, as principal of a high school. He has just decided that it is his duty to enter the ministry. His age is 28. He is a strong man, well educated, an excellent public speaker, and unmarried. Texas is fishing for him, but let us put him to work at once in Mississippi. We could not afford to allow other States to rob us of such men as Gunter and Stone.

Yours for Mississippi,

W. T. Lowrey.

I have known some men who have refused to stand by another in an unfortunate hour. "They preferred to wait and see how the charge turned out—true or false. On this changing tide of public opinion they are willing to rest their fealty. Repudiate such a friend forever! The friend that forsakes you in an evil hour is utterly unworthy of your trust. You are under no obligation to warm a frozen viper in your bosom, that he may repay with the virus of his deadly fangs. Behind fawning smiles be wary of the spirit that's untrue. Such friendship would barter you in a jiffy, just like Judas sold his Lord for paltry silver. Stand by the suffering just or wrong. This is the mark of the heroic.

Woman's Work.

Mrs. Julia T. Johnson, Editor.
P. O. Clinton, Miss.
(Direct all communications for this department to Clinton, Miss.)

Woman's Central Committee.
Mrs. J. A. Hackett, Meridian, President of Central Committee.
Mrs. W. R. Woods, Meridian, Miss., Secretary of Central Committee.
Mrs. W. S. Smith, Meridian, Miss., President of Sunbeam Work.
Mrs. Martin Ball, Winona, President of Young Woman's Auxiliary.

Officers of Annual Meeting.

Mrs. J. D. Granberry, Hazlehurst, President; Mrs. Paul Smith, Meridian, Vice-President; Mrs. G. W. Riley, Jackson, Recording Secretary.

Still may Thy sweet mercy spread
A shady arm above my head,
About my path; so shall I find
The fair centre of my mind,
Thy temple and those lovely walls
Bright ever with a beam that falls
Fresh from the pure glance of
Thine eye,
Lighting to eternity.

—R. Crashaw.

Copiah Box Packing.

The ladies of Copiah Association met with the Gallman Church, Wednesday, September 30th, to pack their annual missionary box. The box this year was sent to Rev. A. B. Goodman, wife and four girls at East Land, Texas. This worthy missionary seems to have an unusually large field, and it does not take much of an imagination to think of the long rides through heat and rain and cold as he goes from place to place to tell the glad news. We who live in a community of churches and preachers can hardly realize the destination of our Frontier; or sympathize with the soldiers at the front.

Gallman has long been loyal to the frontier box, giving of her means and interest, but this year is the first time she has had the honor of having the box packing with her. Right royally did she receive the one hundred visitors that came to her. In order to while away the time until dinner, the Juniors entertained for one hour with songs and Bible study. After this dinner was announced and we all gladly went to the nearby school house, which for the time being, was converted into a dining room.

Autumn decorations greeted one every way they looked, besides potted plants here and there.

We were fortunate in having a graduate of domestic science in charge of this department, (Miss Nellie Parsons), who served us a dinner that reminded one of the old-time wedding feasts. We did not linger long at the church, for the inner man hied us back to the church, where we enjoyed a feast for the soul for the remainder of the afternoon.

First, a devotional service, led by the sweet spirited Brother Dickens, followed by a rousing talk on frontier work by Brother Tandy, and an earnest prayer by the pastor.

A role of the churches was then called. Thirteen of them answered with a generous gift for the huge box that was waiting to be filled.

Crystal Springs responded as usual, for the needs of the missionary himself. A nice black suit, winter underwear, linen, shoes, socks, ties, good comfortable overcoat and umbrella are some of the things coming from this church. Valued at \$41.40.

Hazlehurst, as is her custom, provided for the wife. A black tailor-made suit, umbrella, gloves, wrappers, shirt waists, underwear, is a partial list of the nice things provided at a cost of \$46.25.

The beautiful garments and dainty hand-work for the eldest daughter to the amount of \$18.75, manifested the love of the Weston ladies.

The second daughter was lovingly remembered with gifts to the amount of \$12.60, by the women of the Spring Hill Church.

Gallman took the third daughter. Result: a very substantial school girl outfit, amounting to \$42.

The ever generous Hopewell provided for the fourth daughter, a very substantial school-girl wardrobe, amounting to \$15.00.

The rest of the churches sent sheets, pillow cases, table clothes, napkins, blankets, quilts, towels, domestic, flannelette and toilet articles. The contribution of these churches were as follows:

Bethel	\$11.50
Rock Hill	1.10
County Line	10.00
Damascus	7.00
Smyrna	6.00
New Zion	5.02
Poplar Springs	1.10

It would hardly be true to say that Copiah Association sent the box, for there were seven churches that did not help in this work, but we hope to report next year that all had a part.

I am sure the blessings of God will rest upon each and everyone who, in any way, helped to bring cheer and comfort to this much-

worked, self-sacrificing missionary. I am.

Your co-worker,
Mrs. R. L. Bunyard.
Gallman, Miss.

Work Among Young Women.

Last July, while attending the Woman's Meeting at the State Baptist Convention in Meridian, many were impressed by the competent manner in which the work is being carried on.

In the opening service mention was made of those who were leaders in the organization of the work in Mississippi, most of whom are among us no longer. As I saw the work carried on in such an effective manner by the successors of those pioneers, the question came to me powerfully, "Who will carry on this work when we can do it no more?" Who, indeed, but the girls of today. Can they do it well? They can, if their young hearts are called to the work, and their hands and heads trained now for service. It seems to me that the place for this training to be done is in our Young Women's Auxiliary Societies.

Our girls are enlisted in Mission Work in the Sunbeams, and there is no good reason why they should then be turned loose with no place to work until they can join the Women's Missionary Society of the church, when, possibly the cares attendant upon household duties may make it seem impossible to the untrained, to take up the work.

It might be suggested that the girls may unite with the W. M. S. of the church; they may, but will they do it? In case they do, their individual development cannot be very great among women more advanced in age, of the subject, than themselves.

In their own meetings, the enthusiasm of each helps the other, the responsibility strengthens them, and the efforts for the cause of the Master show them the joy of personal service.

So much for the good it does

SIX

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the girls themselves, but who can estimate the influence at home and abroad of a number of young enthusiastic, consecrated, Christian girls, banded together for the purpose of doing God's will, asking, "Who is wanted, Lord? Is it I?"

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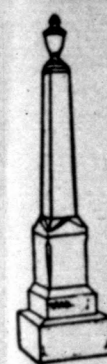
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The expert diamond merchant breathed gently on a handful of gems.

"See," he said, "the stones take on a yellowish tinge when I do that. Diamonds are so brilliant that it is almost possible to discern flaws, but the moisture of human breath cloaks their brightness. Even then it is not easy to value them correctly. There is one thing in our favor, however, and that is that diamonds have a fixed rate of value. So they are easier to price than colored stones. For instance, few emeralds are absolutely flawless, and how is one to know exactly how much to deduct for each little blemish?"

Spots and Stripes.

The spots upon young lions are significant as indicating the close relationship of lions, tigers and leopards. On lion cubs the pattern of the markings is intermediate in character between the stripes of the tiger and the rosettes of the leopard, but inclines more toward the former. East African lions retain more or less distinct traces of these early markings even when they reach maturity. A distinct tiger-like feature of the lion cub is a white patch over the eye, which disappears in the adult. Puma cubs show a pattern quite unlike that of the lion, tiger, leopard and jaguar.

The Gold Cure.

Silas—I hear yew hev bin takin' th' gold cure. Hiram?
Hiram—Waal, yore hearin' s good.

Silas—But yew wuz never drunk in yore life, wuz yew?

Hiram—Nope.

Silas—Then what'n blazes made yew go an' take th' cure fer?

Hiram—T' keep me frum buyin' one uv them pesky gold bricks ev'ry time I went t' town, by grass!—Kansas City Newsbook.

Cherry History.

It is still asserted in school books that cherries were introduced to England by the "fruiterer" or greengrocer of Henry VIII.; also, that they were not common for a hundred years after that time. This is an error. Mr. Thomas Wright found the name in every one of the Anglo-Saxon vocabularies which he edited. So common were they and so highly esteemed that the time for gathering them became a recognized festival—"cherry fair" or "feast." And this grew into a proverbial expression for fleeting joys. Gower says the friars taught that "life is but a chery-fayre," and Hope "endureth but

a throwe, right as it were a chery-feste." There is more than one record of the purchase of trees for the king's garden at Westminster centuries before Henry VIII. was born. But Pliny contradicted the fable as if in prophetic mood. After telling that Lucullus first brought cherries to Rome (from Pontus, in 680 A. U. C.), he adds that in the course of 120 years they have spread widely, "even passing over sea to Britain."—Cornhill Magazine.

The First English Bookmaker.

Both the Derby and the Oaks owe their names to that Earl of Derby who kept a pack of stag hounds near Epsom during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and resided at a hunting box called the Oaks. Fifty years later a spiteful description of the Oaks and its jockeys was recorded in the diary of Charles Greville. In the report of the first Derby run the names of five starters and of all the riders are missing and there is no betting quotation.

As the earliest known bookmaker, Vauxhall, was hanged, not for welshing, but for highway robbery, betting on the race course could not at that period have been a particularly profitable profession. Jockeys did not then possess their present princely salaries, but with a fee of a guinea were more richly rewarded than those of King James I., who were regaled by our British Solomon with long speeches, delivered half in Latin and half in Caledonian.—Westminster Gazette.

Pepys on May Dew.

In Pepy's time May dew—that is, dew gathered from the grass the morning of May day—was highly prized for bleaching linen and improving the complexion. Pepy's wrote in 1667: "My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolrich in order to a little air on to lie there tonight and so to gather May dew tomorrow morning, which Mrs. Turner bath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with, and I am contented with it." Two years later he made this entry in his diary: "Troubled about 3 in the morning, with my wife's calling her maid up, and, rising herself, to go with her coach abroad to gather May dew, as she did, and I troubled for it for fear of any hurt going abroad so betimes happenings to her, but I to sleep again. She came home about 6."

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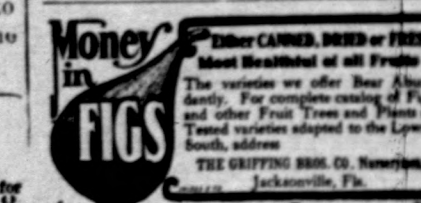
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Deaths.

Singley.

Brother Simon Singley departed this life Sept. 2nd, 1908, aged 29 years, 6 months and 2 days.

His life in a moral sense, had been irreproachable, although he made no profession until eleven days before his death, when he united with the Baptist Church at Improve, Miss.

While his life as a Christian was very short, he seemed to have completely surrendered himself to Christ.

His remains were interred in Singley cemetery, in the presence of sorrowing friends and relatives. Funeral services by writer.

How blessed are they who fall asleep in the arms of Jesus.

J. L. Watts, Jr.

Improve, Miss.

Of Interest to Music Lovers. E. E. Forbes Piano Co.

(Advertisement in this week's paper.)

There is no greater and more refining home influence than music. The possession of a piano or organ promotes your home life. It is of great educational value for your children, and the pleasure it affords to entertain is lasting.

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Their liberal, easy-paying plan and factory prices make it possible for any one to enjoy the possession of a beautiful piano or organ. Write them for their illustrated catalogue.

Newman-Cox.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Cox, Centerville, Miss., Mr. William C. Newman of Robinson, Miss., and Miss Julia Cox, were united in marriage the writer officiating. This happy event occurred on October 21st, 1908.

A large circle of relatives and friends wish for them a life of great length and happiness.

Norwood, La.

W. E. Hathorn.

Very Sagacious.

A farmer had a very sagacious dog which he had trained to count his sheep as they passed through a particular open gate, against which a pile of stones were placed for the dog's use. As each sheep passed through the dog

placed one of the stones aside. One day, much to the farmer's surprise, he found the dog trying to break a stone in half, and on himself counting the flock he found there had been an addition in the night of a lamb.

Literary Notes.

Captain F. S. Brereton, is a soldier and the son of a soldier. As a writer of stories he carries on the traditions of Henty, of whom he is a close kinsman. In his latest book, "Rough Riders of the Pampas; a Tale of Ranch Life in South America," he has taken up a theme which Henty dealt with; but Brereton's book is more full of vivid actuality. The story moves more quickly and is even more satisfactory to boys than Henty's "Out on the Pampas." The period of Captain Brereton's story is the middle of the nineteenth century. The hero leads the fascinating life of the cowboys; he rides the roughest horses, learns to manage cattle, has a hot engagement with the Indians, and other adventures of a most thrilling description, and with the aid of an old school friend he rides the rancher who employs them of a danger which had threatened him for many years. The illustrations are by Stanley L. Wood and the book will be published this fall by H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston.

The story of "How Canada was Won" has recently been rehearsed in thrilling pageant before thousands of English, French and Americans at the tercentenary celebrations in Quebec. Even more thrilling is the tale of Wolfe and Quebec entitled "How Canada was Won" written by Captain F. S. Brereton—upon whom the mantle of Henty seems to have fallen and clothed him with a power greater than his—which Messrs. H. M. Caldwell Company of New York and Boston, will publish this fall. In his graphic, vivid and powerful manner, he relates the events that led up to the conquest of Canada, and to the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World. The hero is one of a party of British trappers who have suffered at the hands of the French and Indians. He is appointed captain of a band of scouts by Washington, with whom he goes through many thrilling experiences in the defense of Fort William Henry. After several hairbreadth escapes he is made prisoner and taken to Quebec, whence he escapes by means of the steep cliffs and by the aid of his former companions, the scouts. He is just in time to join the British force in the attack upon Louisbourg, and afterwards takes a very important part in the capture of Que-

bec. The illustrations by W. Rainey, R. I., add to the historical value as well as to the interest of the book.

Mr. Alexander MacDonald, F. R. G. S., the new author of books for boys, who has already taken his place among the masters of the art of writing for them, always draws upon his own wide experiences and his own knowledge of places and peoples for his material. Hence his stories are always real and true to life. One of his latest, which Messrs. H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston, publish this fall is "The Island Traders; a Tale of the South Seas." It tells of a secret Australian expedition the object of which was to gain possession of a group of South Pacific islands, already coveted by France and Germany. The Mota is fitted up to try to outwit Australia's formidable rivals. Among those who are signed on is a youth named Raymond Fairfax, who has a wonderful knowledge of South Sea languages. After many exciting incidents, the tale ends with the Union Jack and the Commonwealth flag floating on the island, and the Mota returning triumphantly to Sydney. The book is vigorously illustrated by Charles M. Sheldon.

"Buck," the wonderful dog who is the hero of Jack London's "Call of the Wild," originally belonged to Alexander MacDonald, one of the new groups of story writers for boys which Messrs. H. M. Caldwell Company of New York and Boston, are introducing to American youth. He gave to Jack London a full account of his marvelous animal, and that account was worked up in Jack London's book. "Buck" now appears at first hand in Mr. MacDonald's new book, "The White Trail; a Story of the Early Days of Klondike," which Messrs. Caldwell publish this fall. Alexander MacDonald has been a daring and

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intrepid traveller since the age of sixteen. His nineteenth birthday was celebrated on the summit of Chilcot Pass while bound for Klondike at the first of the rush, and he was in Dawson City at the time of the great "starve out" in the winter of 1897. The story related in this book of the winter journey home by the Long White Trail is an account of a historic occurrence which will be remembered by those who have followed the events of the opening up of the Klondike. The whole book is based upon the author's wonderful experience. It deals with the adventures of a strangely assorted band of pioneers, who force their way into Klondike when the first news of the rich gold deposits startles the world, one of the leading characters being a fine fellow from Kentucky. The long journey down the frozen Yukon and life in Dawson City is described.

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Thursday, October 29, 1908.

THE BAPTIST RECORD.

13

If Maria Edgeworth could only know it, how amply would she feel rewarded for her labors in writing "The Parents' Assistant," by the title Messrs. H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston have given to the selection of the famous stories from that book, which they published this fall for "Tales that never die" is a classification under which every author would wish to find his work. The selection of the stories has been made by Mr. Charles Welsh, the well-known critic and authority on literature for children, and the preface note by Professor Charles Eliot Norton places the stories just where they belong and ably points out their value and usefulness. In this introduction Mr. Charles Welsh gives an account of the author and her work and tells how the stories were written. He has also marshalled an array of wise and good men and women, English and American, who speak in praise of these stories, though this perhaps was scarcely needed for as Mr. Walter Taylor Field says, "These grand old-fashioned stories are charming. They are real classics and no child should miss the opportunity of becoming acquainted with them." The graceful and dainty illustrations by Chris. Hammond are thoroughly in keeping with the period in which the scene of the stories is laid and the book is most tastefully and appropriately bound.

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Oct. 9-08.

friendship and festivity is in the air. To be able to say the right thing at the right moment is to contribute to the harmony of such occasions. "Scottish Toasts, Sentiments and Convivialities," in prose and verse, compiled by Ivor Ben McIvor and published by Messrs H. M. Caldwell and Company, New York and Boston, this fall, is offered as an aid to all who would do so, and it has been arranged so that Toasts, Sentiments and Expressions of Conviviality, Love and Friendship of varying character and for all occasions come ready to hand. It also contains a store of good stories; when toasts are not in order, a good story is always in order. The best of all good stories are among the Scottish Stories, and these are of the kind that are ever welcome at the festive board.

Hutchins.

Died—At the home of her son, Dr. E. C. Hutchins, in the town of Alba, Texas, on the 2nd of September Mrs. Kate Sibley Hutchins, widow of the late Dr. Eugene Hutchins of Ifinds County, Miss.

Brandon.

Again we are reminded that this is not our abiding place, for only a short pilgrimage by the death of our dear beloved brother, Charlie Brandon.

On Sept. 30 1908, the angel came and claimed his spirit leaving the tired and weary body to rest.

All was done that hand or heart could do, but God saw fit to take him from this life of suffering.

Charlie's place can never be filled in this life and it seemed we could not give him up, yet we know God is just and merciful from everlasting to everlasting. And like Job we can only say, "This is too deep for us, and it has pleased the Father to conceal it from us."

We bow in humble submission to His holy will and say, "Thy will be done."

M. W.

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you in the face that the saloon helps business by laying upon it at least three-quarters of all the taxes it pays!

Saloon-keeper a Public Pauper.

But worse still. Every saloon-keeper is an able-bodied pauper who lives off the earnings and business of the country. Suppose Jones puts up a bar, stands behind it from January to December; takes in two thousand dollars and gives out nothing but brown paper. Who has kept Jones and his family? The earners and business men of this country. He has produced nothing and given nothing valuable in return for the two thousand dollars. He is an able-bodied pauper.

Suppose Smith sets up a bar; stands behind it from January to December; takes in two thousand dollars, and gives out nothing but whisky. Who has kept Smith and his family? The earners and business men of the country. He has produced nothing and given nothing valuable in return for the two thousand dollars. He is an able-bodied pauper.

What is the difference between the two? Jones was considerate enough to take his living for no return, and harmed nobody. Smith was not contented with simply taking his living but harmed everybody he could. If he had given brown paper instead of whisky, he would have been as innocent as Jones. Jones was a harmless pauper; Smith was a destructive pauper—that is all the difference.

The Saloon keeper's Reply.

"But," say the saloon-keepers "you are not fair; do you not see that we must eat, wear clothes, have homes built, and so are continually buying and helping trade? Surely our custom is something and there are many thousands of us."

Wouldn't you eat and wear clothes and live in houses if you were not saloon keepers? Surely Mr. Saloon-keeper your custom would be just as good in all these respects then as now? Now you impoverish whole families; do you eat enough to make up to the market what these families must do without?

Now several go in rags because you get their money. Do you wear several suits at a time so as to make up the loss to trade?

Now men have to live in hovels because you get their money for drink; do you live in half a dozen houses to make up the deficiency?

Go to! Close up your saloons, and yet you will eat and wear clothes and live in houses. The only difference will be that you will be honestly earning what you eat, and wear and live in. You will be tilling the land making good shoes raising good grain, manufacturing serviceable goods and hurting nobody in the operation.

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Knew the Value.

"Do you know the value of an oath?" asked the judge of an old darky who was to be the next witness. "Yes, sah, I does. One ob dese yeah lawyers done gib me foah dollars for to swear to suffin. Dat's de value of an oath. Foah dollars, sah." And then there was consternation in the court room.—St. Joseph News.

Tit for Tat.

"We thought we'd rather move than clean house."

"An original idea."

"Not so original. It had also occurred to the people who vacated the abode we leased."—Kansas City Journal.

Fictitious.

Little Joe (reading)—What is a leetitious character, aunty?
Aunty—One that is made up, dear.

Little Joe—Then you are a fictitious character, aren't you, aunty?—Chicago News.

The Old Standby.

Landlady's son (addicted to nickel literature)—Say, pardner, what's meant by 'stand by to repel boarders'?

Mr. Newcome (sadly eying his dessert)—Stewed prunes!—Judge

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